



THE

Tatler

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly 18 April 1962



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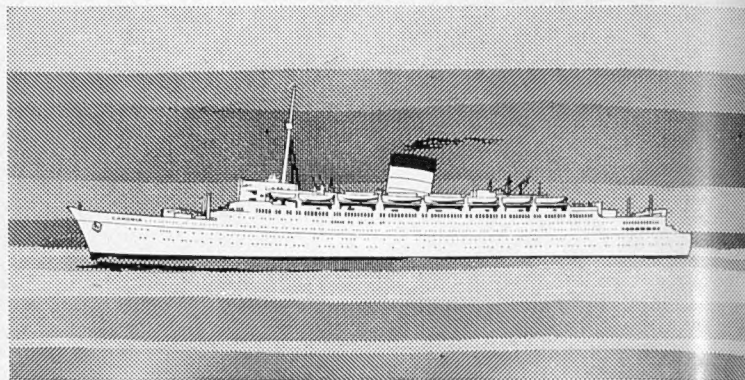
and the bridal gown attuned to the importance of the occasion. Here we feature classic styling in Swiss satin. The bodice is fitting with a boat-shaped neck-line; the skirt springs out very slightly from the waist into a line which, as it lengthens, gains a modicum of width. The train is separate from the dress falling in deep, rustling folds with ever-increasing fullness. £42. 10. 6

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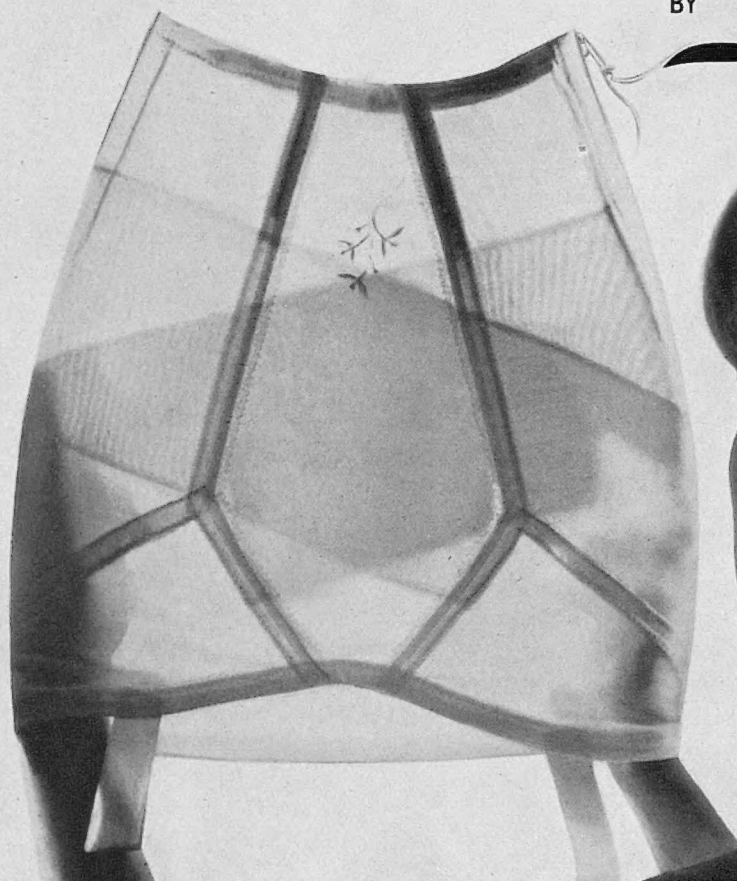
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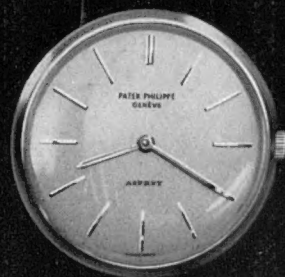
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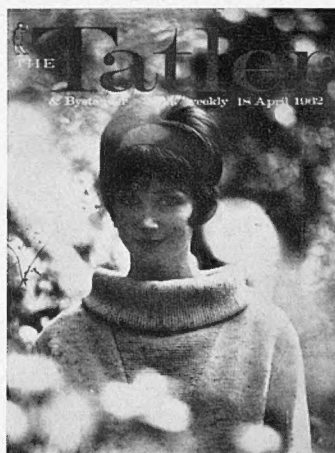
THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s 6d WEEKLY

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Suddenly it's spring with a thousand subtle gradations of blues and greens and violets. Appropriately the cover with its overtones of Renoir was taken in an Impressionist haunt near Paris—the photographer, Gene Laurents, is an American working in France. Features with a young spring feeling in this week's Tatler include a coming-of-age party and the point-to-point meet of the Heythrop. Turn to page 175 for a sumptuous collection of ball dresses with star quality chosen by Elizabeth Dickson. Geoffrey Fletcher continues his popular series on rose growing on page 192

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

The Rose Ball, Grosvenor House, 30 April, in aid of Alexandra Rose Day. (Tickets £3 3s., inc. dinner, from Mrs. Edward Day, 33 The Little Boltons, S.W.10. FRE 6646).

Princess Margaret will attend a dress show at the Mansion House, 1 May, in aid of the Invalid Childrens Aid Association. Doors close at 5.5 p.m. Reception gold plate and period children's chairs on show. (Tickets, £3 3s. incl. champagne.)

Princess Margaret will attend a preview of *Blitz!* at the Adelphi Theatre at 7.30 p.m. on 7 May, in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. (Tickets: N.S.P.C.C. Victoria House, Leicester Square, W.C.2, price, 1 gn. to 20 gns.)

International Motor Racing, Goodwood, 23 April.

Taplow Horse Show, Bucks, 23 April.

Irish Grand National, Fairyhouse, nr. Dublin, 23 April.

Pitlochry Drama Festival, Pitlochry, Perthshire, 21 April-29 Sept.

Lawn Tennis Hard Court Championships, Bournemouth, 23-28 April.

Old Berkeley Hunt Ball, Halton House, Wendover, 27 April.

West of England Ladies Kennel Club Show, Boddington Manor, Cheltenham, Glos., 27, 28 April.

Easter Egg Ball (12-17 year olds) at the Kensington Town Hall, 7-11 p.m. 30 April, in aid of the Family Welfare Association. (Tickets, 17s. 6d., from

Mrs. James Coleridge, Family Welfare Association, 8 Park Road, W.11.)

R.A.F. Concert at the Royal Festival Hall, 26 April, in aid of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. Hallé Orchestra. (Tickets: Secretary, R.A.F. Benevolent Fund, 67 Portland Place, W.1. LAN 8343.)

Queen Charlotte's Ball, Grosvenor House, 1 May. (Tickets: Ball Secretary, Vincent House, Vincent Square, S.W.1.)

Silver Arrow Ball, Quaglinos, 1 May, in aid of the Harrow Boys Clubs. (Tickets: £2 10s. inc. supper from Mrs. J. A. Lawton, Flat 4, 23a-25a, St. John's Wood High Street, N.W.8.)

2,000 Guineas, Newmarket, 2 May.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Pontefract, today; Stockton, Warwick, 21; Kempton Park, 21, 23; Newcastle, 23; Birmingham, 23, 24; Epsom (Spring meeting), 24-26; Catterick Bridge, 25 April. **Steeple-chasing**: Cheltenham, Scone (Perth Hunt meeting), today & 19; Southwell, 19, 21; Carlisle, Plumpton, Towcester, Newton Abbot, Manchester, 21, 23; Huntingdon, Market Rasen, Hereford, Wincanton, Chepstow, W. Norfolk Hunt, Wetherby, Uttoxeter, 23; Ludlow, 25, 26 April.

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden: *Les Sylphides*, *Persephone*, *Don Quixote* (pas de deux), *Diversions*, tonight; *The Sleeping Beauty*, 21, 23 April, 7.30 p.m. Matinée, *The Sleeping Beauty*, 21 April, 2.15 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Covent Garden Opera. *Tosca*, 24 April; *Madama Butterfly*, 25 April. 7.30 p.m.

Royal Festival Hall. Stravinsky programme, L.S.O. cond. Antal Dorati, with Ivry Gitlis (violin), 8 p.m., 19 April; Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*, London Choral Society, 5 p.m., 20 April; Tamas Vasary (piano), 3 p.m., 22 April; L.P.O., cond. John Pritchard, with John



SIDNEY HARRIS

The Mayor of Westminster, Councillor J. L. C. Dribbell, J.P., received, as president, guests at the Westminster Philanthropic Society Dinner Dance at Grosvenor House. Assisting him were Mrs. Dribbell, Major A. Huskisson, O.B.E., M.C., the chairman, and Lady Rowlandson, whose husband, Sir Graham Rowlandson, M.B.E., J.P., is a trustee of the Society. The event raised £1,600 for the relief of Westminster's old people

Ogdon (piano), 7.30 p.m., 22 April; Beethoven programme, L.P.O., cond. Lawrence Leonard, with Katharina Wolpe (piano), 8 p.m., 23 April; R.A.F. Anniversary Concert, 8 p.m., 26 April; Louis Armstrong & All His Stars, 6 p.m., & 8.45 p.m., 28 April. (WAT 3191.)

Rosehill Theatre, Whitehaven, Cumberland. Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, cond. John Pritchard, with Peter Pears soloist, 21 April. (Tel.: Whitehaven 2422.)

ART

International Art Treasures, Victoria & Albert Museum, to 29 April.

Girtin Collection watercolours, Royal Academy, to 29 April.

Keith Vaughan, 1942-62, Whitechapel Art Gallery, to 27 April.

Old Dutch & Flemish Masters, Alfred Brod Gallery, Sackville St., W.1, to 5 May.

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Council Gallery, St. James's Sq., to 5 May.

Philippe Augé, Arthur Jeffress Gallery, Davies St., to 27 April.

Michael Ayrton & Edmond Kapp, Bear Lane Gallery, Oxford, to 28 April.

EXHIBITIONS

Britain's Landscape Of Buildings (books on architecture), National Book League, Albemarle St., to 19 April.

Mobile Architecture, The Building Centre, to 26 April.

Royal Crown Derby Exhibition, Foyle's Art Gallery, to 28 April.

FIRST NIGHTS

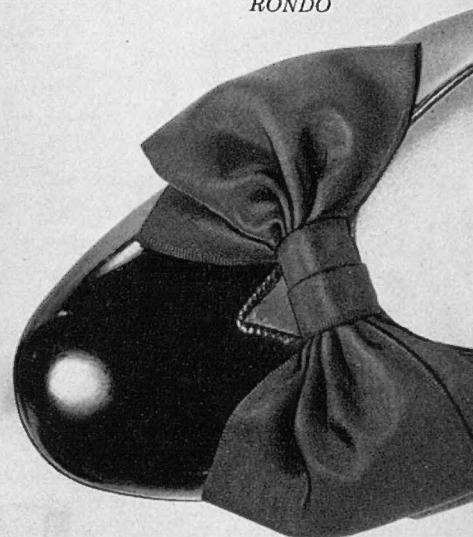
Saville Theatre. *Photo Finish*, 25 April.

Theatre Royal, Margate. *Arden of Faversham*, 25 April.

BRIGGS by Graham

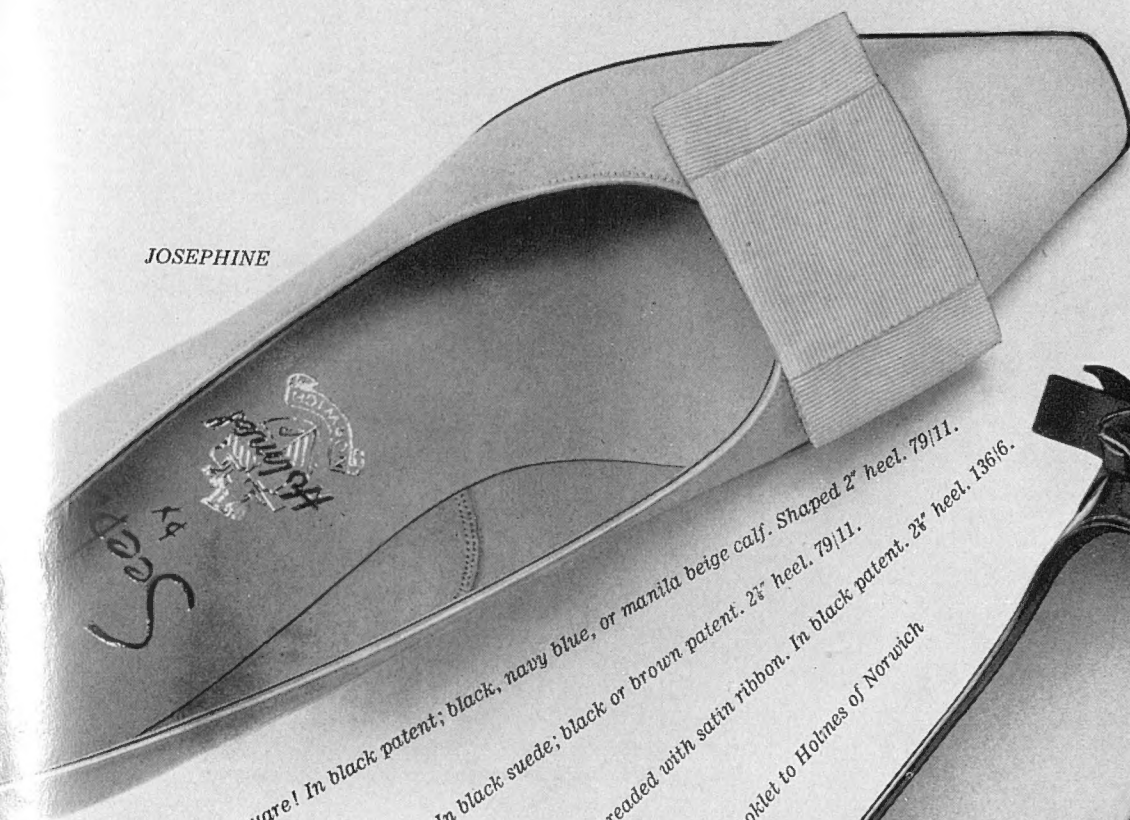


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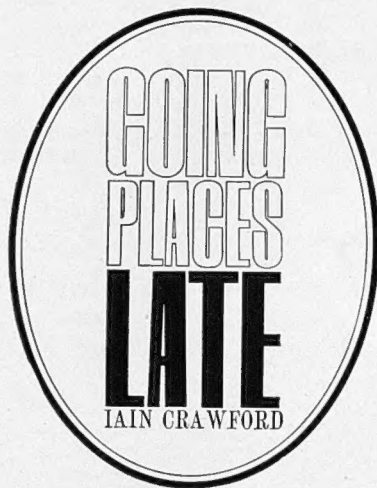
DULCIMA



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Something borrowed

ONE SIDE OF ENTERTAINMENT THAT television has not probed very thoroughly for talent and ideas is cabaret. This may be, of course, because in this field talent and ideas are pretty thin on the ground. That you can go to three night-clubs in one evening and see the same cabaret act (sometimes even by the same swift-moving people) would seem to bear this out. However if TV is chary of using cabaret the reverse is not at all true, though the only place to go the whole hog and base its entire floorshow on television is **Winstons**. *Any Night at Winstons* is a take-off of *Sunday Night At The Palladium* and it succeeds in being a good deal more amusing than most of the originals. Ann Hart and Ronnie Corbett have a funny skit on the honeymoon-couple-on-the-panel-game cliché and they also do one of the most hilarious adagio dances



currently on view. The Dagenham Girl Pipers, *Beat the Clock* and two avaricious agents reminiscently named Lew and Leslie Greed also provide guying material. Among the cabaret team is a TV original, Angela Bracewell, who appears in the TV version of *Beat the Clock* as well as Winston's edition, and contributes a sinuous cat dance as well. Incidentally members of the audience are invited to join in the game and the first one up gets a

bottle of champagne for his or her pains.

Winstons, run by Bruce Brace, is open from 9 to 3.30 and it costs a guinea to be a member. Entrance fee is £1 and this includes breakfast—if you last the pace. Perhaps not the subtlest show in town but certainly one of the liveliest.

Latest temple of the exotic has opened not altogether inappropriately in London's E.C.4. At 50 Cannon Street, Nicholas Tarayan's **Omar Khayyam** offers Persian food, drink, service and atmosphere together with a few Western additions like claret, burgundy and the usual wine list. The food is good, different and not over spicy. The decor is sumptuous enough to meet anyone's romantic dream of having strayed into a Caliph's harem; downstairs after dining splendidly you lie on Persian rugs (discreetly underfelted with Dunlopillo) and drink thick Turkish coffee amid the gold, blue and scarlet mosaic pillars

while puffing peacefully at a hookah. This makes splendid smoking. The richly aromatic Persian tobacco is drawn through rosewater to give a delightfully cool smoke and the sense of Eastern opulence conveyed by the meal is complete. To add to our delights Mr. Tarayan intends to import some genuine Middle Eastern belly-dancers as soon as the authorities permit.

CABARET CALENDAR

Talk of the Town (REG 5051). *Eartha Kitt in the cabaret spot. Preceding her at 10 o'clock, the floorshow Fantastico*
Pigalle (REG 7746). *The floorshow, Extravaganza, is always refreshed with new stars. Plus the largest collection of dancers in town*
Establishment (GER 8111). *John Bird, Jeremy Geidt, Carole Simpson and Eleanor Bron in satirical observations*
Hungaria (WHI 4222). *Audrey Jeans, comedy and song*
Blue Angel (MAY 1443). *Noel Harrison, Los Valldermosas and supporting bill*

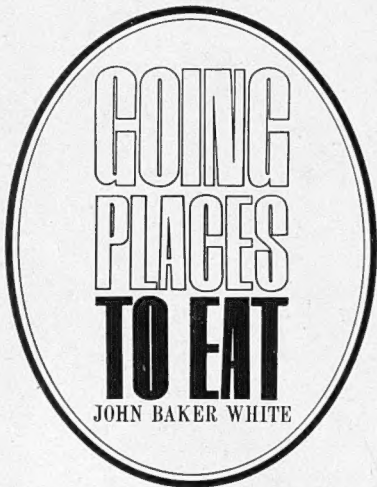
M. Rochon's double-decker

C.S. = Closed Sundays.

W.B. = Wise to book a table.

Chez Solange, 35 Cranbourn Street (off Leicester Square). (TEM 0542.) C.S. A distinguished foreign correspondent recently drew a favourable comparison between some of the dishes here and those at Lasserre, one of Paris's "Grande Classe" restaurants with three Michelin rosettes. Having known M. René Rochon and his charming wife for a long time, and his cooking, I would not quarrel with this opinion. Indeed, Chez Solange is a piece of France in London, without the *plastiques*. There are two restaurants; the one upstairs has a bar and real piano music. The prices for the first-rate food, and well-chosen wines, are reasonable—about 4s. 6d. to 6s. 6d. for the first course and on the half-sovereign mark for the main one. N.B. *Coquille St. Jacques*. W.B.

Henri's, grillroom and oyster bar, Maiden Lane. C.S. (TEM 1358.) Open until midnight. Acquired and reconstructed by Goodhews, it has the high standard of food and service that one has come to



expect from them. In the restaurant I ate a hors d'oeuvre, good but unoriginal, grilled halibut, which was excellent, and an above-average fruit salad. The cheese board looked good, and no fault could be found with the coffee. The whole set-up is modern without being too much so: a pleasant place for luncheon or food before or after the theatre. I thought the ventilation in the restaurant could be improved and I could have done without the piped music. As in all Goodhews' houses the wines are well chosen and moderate in price. W.B.

Wine note

Gaillac wines—they come from

the district between Albi and Toulouse—should be better known in Britain. Pleasant and particularly suited to summer drinking, they were included in the wines at the ninth meeting of the Peter Dominic Wine Mind Club. If on holiday you want to try them in their own country with regional food, you cannot do better than spend a night, or two, at the **Hostellerie Grand St. Antilone** at Albi, where the Rieux family carry on a long-established tradition of fine cooking and gracious hospitality. And Albi has the world's finest collection of Toulouse-Lautrec pictures.

... and a reminder

Skandia Room, Piccadilly Hotel, W.1. *Specializes in Scandinavian cold foods; useful before the theatre.*

La Toque Blanche, 21 Abingdon Road, Kensington High Street end. (WES 5832.) *First-class French cooking.*

The Magnum Room, over the Braganza, 56/57 Frith Street, (GER 5412.) *Trout, lobsters and steaks with fine wines by the glass or magnum.*

Le Casserole, King's Road, Chelsea. (FLA 2351.) *Good cooking on quite a wide range and conforming to the Chelsea pattern.*

Bella Roma, 200 Shaftesbury Avenue. (TEM 0862.) *Small, friendly, specializing in Roman dishes.*

The Poor Millionaire, 158 Bishopsgate. (BIS 9333.) *Lunch only. A challenge to all other City restaurants.*

Howard Hotel restaurant, Norfolk Street, Strand. (TEM 4400.) *Worth remembering if you have business with the law.*

The Steak & Chop House, 40-41 Haymarket (top end). (WHI 6600.) *Run by Garners, pleasant decor and reasonable prices.*

The Contented Sole, 19 Exhibition Road. (KNI 8359.) *Creditable replica of an Edwardian fish parlour.*

Barbizon, 132 Cromwell Road (FRE 0200.) *Good cooking in unpretentious surroundings: 100 yards from the London Air Terminal.*

Harrington Hall Hotel, Harrington Gardens. (FRE 4477.) *Small restaurant in excellent taste. Cold food a speciality. Open Sundays.*

Pastoria, St. Martin's Street. (WHI 8641.) *Adrian still in charge and so as good as ever.*

Csarda, 77 Dean Street, Soho. (GER 1261.) *Good Hungarian cooking. Try the smoked sturgeon.*

Balalaika, 10 Kenway Road, Earl's Court. *Same partnership and ownership as Chez Luba. (Book through Chez Luba, KEN 6523.)*

Braganza, 56 Frith Street, Soho. (GER 5412.) *Opening a new floor specializing in prime steaks and trout, and lobsters straight from the tank.*
Bindle's, 3 Milner Street, Chelsea. (KEN 3852.) *Small but pleasant and cooking first class*

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Stars of County Down

THE IRISH CLIMATE WOULD, I believe, be insupportable were it not for the Irish temperament. The French and the Italians go into a tearful lament of astounded protest when rain bombards the palm trees and blackens the Mediterranean (as indeed it can), but the Irish take for granted the gentle mist that at some point on most days obscures one of the more spectacular views.

"The water here can be as blue as the Adriatic," said my host as we drove along the corniche road of Antrim, and I imagined the coast of Mull, clearly visible but for the haze, across the water. "But," he added, "I wouldn't expect you to believe me." Thus disarmed, I absolutely accept the fact that this road, running northwards from Belfast to Cushendall, from Ballycastle to Portrush, has all the makings of one of Europe's more scenic drives. And for the record I must also add that, the following day, I sat outside a little white pub in County Down basking in a mid-March sun so hot and so brilliant that I could well have used dark glasses. So far, I have neglected that part of Ireland known as the Six Counties, Ulster or plain Northern Ireland because, loving Ireland as I do, I feared that perhaps it would not be Irish enough. Might not the Nonconformist conscience turn too chill a hose of common sense upon the essential recklessness, the casual way of life, the endless procrastination and talk that make the South one of the most agreeable and relaxing places in Europe? I need not have worried. The attitudes were the same.

I spent my first night at the



Old Inn at Crawfordsburn, about 15 miles south of Belfast. A long, low line of white cottages knocked together include the kernel of an old coaching inn to which have been added some half-dozen delightful new suites. In the bathrooms are thoughtfully provided scales for weight-checking as well as a canister of bath salts; in my bedroom was a roaring open fire, flowers and fruit, a raft of magazines and newspapers, TV and telephone, pretty chintz-covered sofas and chairs and a puff-ball of a bed. The suites are serviced, from a separate kitchen, by a cosy maid and butler whose brief it is to pamper. The intention and indeed the result is to provide country-house accommodation and comfort on a scale that hardly exists any more in most country houses. The charges are £5 10s. a day for two, including all room service and all gratuities. You pay extra only for the food you consume, whether it be a specially ordered banquet or one glass of milk. Or you can, of course, dine in the restaurant. Would that such establishments were just a little thicker on the ground, but the charm and remoteness of County Down, southern-

most of the Six Counties, exonerates the somewhat more basic accommodation to be found there. This is the Mourne country, with stony little villages and townships such as Rostrevor and Annalong, Newcastle and Kilkeel. Rostrevor's simple but adequate Roxboro Hotel is one of several bases for pony trekking. In even a three-hour ride, you are way up above the fir-covered slopes of the mountains, with a no less than fabulous view down over Carlingford Lough and across to the Other Side. Pony trekking is one of the best antidotes I know to the neuroses of the Jet Age, and I would think seriously of 17 guineas' worth that includes hotel accommodation and all meals for a week, plus five days' trekking. For people who want to ride only for the day and spend the night, the rates are £3 5s. Sailing, too, is a great sport of the area, and from Carlingford Lough Yacht Club one can likely get a chance to crew, or to hire the available GP 14 Sloop. Naturally, they like you to be a member of a recognized yacht club if only as a guarantee of competence for your own safety and that of the craft. Political boundaries would seem to dissolve for the yachting fraternity, and one can sail across the lough to Eire with no bother.

Two alternatives in the area at which to stay are the Kilmorey Arms, a nice country-town hotel in Kilkeel, or the Scottish Baronial Railway edifice of the Slieve Donard Hotel at Newcastle. Advantage of the latter is that one walks straight out on to the first tee of the Royal County Down golf course. Apart from its championship merit as a course, it has one of the most beautiful of

settings, backed by the Mountains of Mourne where they really do sweep down to the sea, and faced by the 10 mile stretch of Newcastle Bay. Here again, visitors are made most welcome: a 10s. green fee allows access to the course and to separate changing rooms. Membership of any other club, of course, is reciprocal to this, as also to Northern Ireland's other championship course at Portrush. Between the two are some 80 different courses: golf is a national passion. Perhaps one should always leave something undiscovered: for me, it must be County Fermanagh, to the west. All lakes and islets, and very simple, they say, but with magnificent fishing. Casey's Hotel at Garrison was a name I heard dropped several times.

If you take your own car, there is no restriction on travel between Eire and the North. If you hire one locally, you may go from the Six Counties to Eire, but unless the car is bonded for Customs, you may have trouble on hiring from Dublin and crossing the border. It is one of those pointless restrictions of H.M. Customs (derived from the days when cars were smuggled across and sold) over which the Ulster Tourist authorities beat their heads in vain.

BEA operate several Viscount and Vanguard services a day to Belfast, £10 18s. up to 1 June, and £14 return during the summer. Late night flights are £6 6s., and £10 18s., respectively. A pleasant surprise was to find that BEA have reinstated their bar service on this domestic flight and, in spite of a full plane load both ways the stewards were quick and courteous in dispensing it.





PHOTOS: NORTHERN IRELAND TOURIST BOARD

COUNTY DOWN: *The Mountains of Mourne—the Silent Valley, above—provide some of the finest climbing in Ireland, as well as spectacular scenery*





**GOING
PLACES
IN
PICTURES**

Doreen Wells, a young and much-praised soloist with the Royal Ballet, as she will appear in a B.B.C. television production of the ballet *Les Rendez-vous* on Sunday. The ballet was created by Frederick Ashton, to music by Aubert, in the early days of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, and Alicia Markova danced the lead role at its first performances. Other main parts will be danced by Brian Shaw and Merle Park, and John Lanchberry conducts

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THE TATLER
18 APRIL 1962

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THE YOUNG LOOK



Cathryn, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Noel Harrison, waits under a clock in an enclosure formed by clothes rails at the Dartmouth House headquarters of the English Speaking Union where children modelled summer and autumn fashions from the collection of American designer Miss Helen Lee. Mr. James Laver was the commentator at the show held in aid of the Ranfurly Library Commonwealth Book Scheme, and Mrs. David Bruce, wife of the American Ambassador, also attended. Turn overleaf for more pictures by Barry Swaebe and the start of Muriel Bowen's column



Camilla Anderson in stripes



Lady Ogilvy, the chairman, guides Sophia Gool, watched by Sasha Bruce and Mrs. David Bruce

THE YOUNG LOOK *continues*



Sophia Gool tucks into a well-earned tea



Amanda Beaulieu refreshes the inner model



Mrs. David Bruce watches Camilla Anderson



Mary Christian McEwen



Trudy Hunt



Mrs. David Bude

The week in pictures

by MURIEL BOWEN

THE QUEEN IS HOPING THAT HER PICTURE collection will be ready for public exhibition in the restored Chapel at Buckingham Palace towards the end of the summer. Work on restoring the Chapel, which was bombed during the war, has been slow, but the Queen is taking a personal interest in the preparations for the first exhibition of her pictures. Last week she went to the Victoria & Albert to see the £3,000,000 exhibition of Victorian art treasures. With her were **Sir James Mann**, Surveyor of her Works of Art, and **Sir Anthony Blunt**, Surveyor of her Pictures. The Chapel at Buckingham Palace will not be rebuilt to its original size, but with the pictures on view being changed at intervals one fairly large room is considered to be adequate.

The Leonardo cartoon has everybody talking about art. Quite the quickest group off the mark has been the Ladies Chapter of the Primrose League who asked the **Earl of Crawford & Balcarres** to talk to their members at a House of Lords dinner two nights ago. The Earl is leading the appeal to save the cartoon so naturally that was the subject of his speech. There was a jam of cars in Bond Street and a muddle of people at Sotheby's for the private view of the Somerset Maugham Collection of Impressionist and modern paintings. (See pictures on page 160.) It was interesting, though a little sad, to look at them there after seeing them in Maugham's home in the South of France, but most of the men I met said they thought he was quite right to sell—if they too were in their 80s they would do the same.

Sir John & Lady Braithwaite were there and others included Mr. & Mrs. **Herbert Wilcox**, **Lydia Duchess of Bedford**, the **Marchioness of Zetland**, Dr. & Mrs. **Leonard Simpson**, Mr. & Mrs. **Leonard Callender**, and **Countess Jellicoe**, her red coat adding a cheery touch to a wet evening. Also there were **Eva Marchioness of Reading**, Mr. & Mrs. **E. O. Durlacher**, Mrs. **Reginald Maudling**, and the **Hon. Mrs. Peter Samuel**. They all seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves, and there was none of that quasi-mystical approach to the pictures which blights so many good picture exhibitions these days.

The Maugham preview was another triumph for **Lady Heald**, who arranged the exhibition, as a benefit for the Royal College of Nursing. I've mentioned before Lady Heald's great sense of timing with the various charity parties she runs; she always seems to have just the thing that people want to attend. As a professional impresario she could make a fortune. An



A distinguished commentator—Mr. James Laver Victoria, daughter of Lord & Lady Mancroft



Twins Camilla and Carey Moore, daughters of Mr. & Mrs. Julian Moore

BIG NIGHT FOR THE BROOKES

Mr. Henry Brooke and his wife, Dame Barbara, gave a 21st birthday party for their daughter Honor at Westfield College, London University

PHOTOGRAPHS: BARNET SAIDMAN



Miss Honor Brooke and her parents, Dame Barbara & Mr. Henry Brooke, receiving Mr. & Mrs. Christopher Staughton

MURIEL BOWEN CONTINUED

exhibition of paintings is one of her favourite money-raising ways. "The great thing about it is that you can get on with running it without a committee," she confided.

I talked to Mr. **Peter Wilson**, the managing director of Sotheby's, about Mrs. David Metcalfe's sale of pictures on 14 June. "It will be our second most important sale of Impressionists and modern paintings," he said. The biggest of course was the sale of the Goldschmidt pictures in 1958 when seven pictures sold for £781,000. Mrs. Metcalfe's pictures which are at her home in Swan Walk, Chelsea were collected by her late husband, Sir Alexander Korda, the film magnate. "I'm not selling all my pictures," Mrs. Metcalfe told me. "I'm keeping the Italian and Dutch ones. They were also collected by my late husband."

LENT BY THE QUEEN

Portraits make good talking points and there is a most interesting collection of well-known people in **Anna Zinkeisen's** show at the galleries of the Federation of British Artists in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, which remains open until 28 April (Closed for Easter, 20-23 April). They include a fine one of Mrs. Somerset de Chair, and others on exhibition are Air Marshal Sir Edward Chilton, Commander-in-Chief, Coastal Command, Lady Anne Thorne, Viscountess Kilmuir (painted this year), Lady Aberconway,

and Anna Zinkeisen's beautiful daughter Julia, now Mrs. Anthony Weller. The Queen has lent the painting of her Coronation bouquet which hangs in Buckingham Palace and which has never been exhibited before.

THANKS TO ST. THOMAS'S

When Mr. **Henry Brooke**, Chief Secretary of the Treasury, & **Dame Barbara Brooke** gave a coming-of-age dance for their elder daughter, Honor, the only thing left for Mr. Brooke to worry over was the bill. For whenever an introduction seemed a good idea, or a glass or a plate needed replenishing, one of the Brookes' children seemed to pop up from nowhere. Whether it was **Henry** or **Peter** or **Honor** or "**Pooh**," the operation was carried out with great charm and, sometimes, with a mischievous sense of fun! All of which made for a very good party.

Honor, who is a student nurse at St. Thomas's, had only taken a half-day off for her dance; and this delighted her patients. They had greeted her in the morning by singing "Happy Birthday to You." A marvellous effort when you consider the unearthly hours these nurses keep.

The dance was at Westfield College, London University, where, incidentally, the Queen is due to open a new science laboratory next month. Dame Barbara is on the Council of Westfield as well, of course, as being vice-chairman of the

Conservative Party. But it was as a member of the Hampstead Borough Council—more especially of the Trees, Open Spaces and Cemeteries Committee—that she was paid a special tribute on the day of her daughter's dance. The Council had sent their floral expert round to do some handsome arrangements of potted plants.

It was essentially a party for the young. Those I saw included Mr. **Charles Morris** (shortly off on a Cambridge expedition to South-East Asia), Miss **Robina Light**, Lord **Gifford**, Mr. **Timothy Jardine-Brown**, Miss **Merry Williams-Wynne**, and Miss **Christabel Gairdner**, a student nurse and Twist expert as it turned out.

A drawing-room with gaily covered chintz armchairs was set aside for "the older generation." But there wasn't a sign of them there all evening. Where were they? Lord & Lady **Poole** were dancing, Mrs. **Dickie Clifford-Wing** was being congratulated on her floral contributions (additional ones to those of the Hampstead Borough Council), Sir **Colin Anderson** was Twisting with his daughter, **Rose**, and Lord **Brecon** was successfully talking his way into a day on Col. & Mrs. **John Williams-Wynne's** stretch of salmon fishing in Merioneth.

GUESTS AT A WEDDING

Just over a year ago Miss **Caroline Beckford** and Mr. **Nicholas Nutting** met at a London party.



Miss Margaret Brooke with band members Bryant Marriott, Mike Vincall, Pete Bailey



Miss Sarah Clifford-Wing and Mr. Peter Brooke



Miss Alison Balfour and her fiancé, the Hon. Francis Holmes à Court



Miss Shirley Robin



Sir Colin Anderson & daughter Rose



Miss Rosemary Hunt dances

He immediately gave up all idea of a return to farming in Australia (much to the pleasure of his parents, Capt. & Mrs. Ronald Nutting), and soon afterwards she gave up her job as a receptionist. Last week the story had a happy ending when the couple married at St. Michael's, Chester Square.

They are at present on their honeymoon abroad, but when they return they will settle down at Compton Abdale, Gloucestershire, the bride's home, while her mother and stepfather, Col. & Mrs. John Beckford, move down to their place in Cornwall for three months. "They're looking for a 300-acre farm in Northamptonshire or Leicestershire," Mrs. Beckford told me. "The poor darlings must have a base, and they don't like London, so we decided to give them our place until they find something."

The wedding and the reception afterwards at the Hyde Park Hotel brought together people from all parts of the country. They included Sir Hugh & Lady Arbuthnot, Lady Farnham, Col. & Mrs. Maurice Ransome, Mrs. Justin McCarthy, Lord Huntingfield, Mr. & Mrs. Michael Cripps, and Major & Mrs. Arthur Wellesley.

Other guests there were Air Chief Marshal Sir Alec & Lady Coryton, the Hon. Clare Dixon, Miss Shelagh Sinnott, Col. & Mrs. "Loopy" Kennard, Lady Stevens, and Miss Susan Whitbread.

A CLUB CELEBRATES

Modernization has been going on at the Cowdray Club and to celebrate it the chairman the Hon. Mrs. John Hare gave a party at the club just off Oxford Street in Cavendish Square. Her brother Viscount Cowdray and his wife attended with so many more of her family that it looked like a benefit party for the Pearsons (the Cowdray family name). In fact things were just the other way round; it was they who provided the £15,000 for modernizing the kitchens. Mrs. Hare is a dedicated chairman and one who looks ahead. I'm told that one of the things she likes to do is chat casually to members and get their ideas on things. All the Hare family had their individual roles in making the celebration a success. Miss Mary Anne Hare, the chairman's daughter, was put in charge of the Press. The place was stiff with big political names, and I suspect it was the Hon. John Hare, the chairman's husband (and Minister of Labour) who roped them in. Lady Dorothy Macmillan came, had a drink, and asked a lot of questions.

The club was founded 40 years ago by the wife of the first Viscount Cowdray as a place where nurses could relax in an atmosphere well removed from hospital discipline. Since then it has grown tremendously in scope. Lt.-Col. F. A. Kendrick, the secretary (another bright touch about this women's club is to have

a male secretary with the D.S.O. and M.C.) told me: "We get many professional women living in London, also a lot of people from the country who appreciate being able to get a good bedroom and good food." Mr. Enoch Powell, the Health Minister, chatted to two nurses. Did they mention their pay claim? "Oh no! He was much too nice. In fact we formed a quite different impression meeting him." After that I don't think Mr. Hare will ever have to work very hard in getting his colleagues to come to his wife's parties.

SUNSHINE AHEAD

After a terrible winter, people are pushing off for Easter in the sun. The white-hulled Andes sailed on Saturday for a fortnight's cruise with stops at Barcelona, Ajaccio and other Mediterranean ports. Over Easter weekend the ship is tied up at Naples and I'm told that there will be a general exodus of passengers to Capri and Rome. Air Cdre. & Mrs. Vernon Morshead have taken their daughters, Anne, 19 and Jane, 14. Others who booked were Sir James & Lady Reid Young, Mr. & Mrs. A. J. Goodbody, Sir Horace & Lady Clarke, Sir Herbert & Lady Davis, and Sir Carleton Allen. There will be amusing distractions in plenty on board the ship but I hope Sir Carleton will find time to produce another book as fascinating as his *Bureaucracy Triumphant* of 20 years ago.

PREVIEW WITH A PURPOSE

*Miss Georgina Laird-Henry, Mrs. John Gordon and
Miss Penelope Gordon*



The charity preview of the Somerset Maugham collection of Impressionist and modern paintings auctioned last week at Sotheby's was in aid of the Royal College of Nursing



Mr. & Mrs. William Redford



Mr. & Mrs. Raymond Grumbar



Mr. Hamish Stuart Black and Miss Susan Aird



Martin Summers and his mother



The Hon. Timothy & Mrs. Jessel



Lady Heald, chairman of the appeal, with Miss Margaret Smyth, president of the Royal College of Nursing



Mr. & Mrs. Gerry Albertini



*Mrs. Claud Scott
and Mrs. Eric
Steinburn*



*Mrs. T. A.
Scaramanga*



*Mrs. Ronnie
Wallace and
Miss Stella
Prideaux-Brune*



*Lady Rose
Macdonald-
Buchanan*

HATS AT THE HEYTHROP

Major G. A. Cunard (leading on Sir Gosland) won the Old Etonians Association race



Not only hats but anoraks, sou'westers, scarves and hoods were pressed into service by women in the rain at the Heythrop Point-to-Point, held at Stone-on-the-Wold, Gloucester

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOLAND NEILL



*Mrs. Duncan
Mackinnon,
joint-Master
of the Heythrop*

SCENA FOR A SOPRANO



Photographs: Joe Waldorf

Joan Sutherland, above with her husband Richard Bonynghe, talks to J. Roger Baker.

JOAN SUTHERLAND and I coincided on the doorstep of her Kensington flat. She leaped from a cab clutching a score of *La Traviata* and a catalogue of kitchen equipment. She had been to her hairdresser. "Come in, it's quite safe." She dashed ahead to get the taxi fare from her husband, Richard Bonynghe. "Excuse the mess. We're moving, but the new house isn't ready yet. We probably won't get in until the end of the year. I've been looking at kitchen gadgets—and the prices!" The small, ground floor flat was crowded. "We don't usually have so much on the mantelpiece." There was a bust of Jenny Lind (one of Verdi's favourite sopranos); one of Mario the tenor; a three-branched candelabra ("We must get some candles in it"). There were three huge firework displays of flowers in the room, one on a grand piano that itself took up a large bite of floor space.

A floor-to-ceiling bookcase commandeered

one wall; in it, more scores, among them, *Norma*. During her first season at Covent Garden in 1952, Joan Sutherland sang a small part in this opera. On that occasion the title role was sung by Maria Callas, making her debut at the house. ("Maria is a fabulous person, fabulous"). Then *Lucia di Lammermoor*. It was in Zeffirelli's 1959 mounting of this that Sutherland claimed world attention overnight. ("Franco Zeffirelli—a genius, yes I honestly think a genius.") Then *Beatrice di Tenda*, *La Sonnambula*, *Samson*, all Sutherland operas. Also on the shelves a something by Donizetti called incredibly *L'ermittaggio di Liverpool*.

The walls and two divans dark green; the carpet gold; Miss Sutherland in sage green. All surely to complement her hair which has the rich sheen of a highly polished conker. "It's waist length, you know. I keep it long to save wearing a wig on stage. Sometimes I have to—I do in *Arcina*—but I prefer to wear my

own hair. It was all mine in *Lucia*. I can style it myself for *Traviata*, but usually my hairdresser comes to do it for me." She patted anxiously at the smooth Brönte swoop.

As photographs were taken, Miss Sutherland talked; her flat, faintly Australian accent giving a refreshing down-to-earth quality to her comments. "I enjoy clothes immensely, but I'm at loggerheads with every known ready-made size. So my clothes have to be made for me, and I get them wherever I happen to be. They do make the loveliest hats in Spain." We talked about the injury to her back. A fall on a concert platform in Antwerp aggravated an existing condition. "I have to be very careful about moving a lot. My doctor thinks I should be on my back. I spent all morning rehearsing my death fall for *Traviata*." She smiled across at her husband. "We've worked one out that doesn't hurt a bit."

Because of this injury, the soprano has

The walls of Joan Sutherland's flat are hung with pictures of great singers and composers of the past. The oval pastel (below right) is a study of Donizetti by W. Ambery. The sitting-room walls (below) have a dark green brocaded paper



First rehearsals for *Alcina* (left & far right). Miss Sutherland was under doctor's orders, and beneath the glittering wedding cake of a dress she wore for performances (right) was a steel support



announced drastic cuts in her programme, cancelling an Australian tour and reducing appearances to no more than two a week. Even so, this is a heavy order when one performance might be in London and the other in Rome or Cumberland. Her plans for the coming months still include recording sessions, appearances in Milan plus a new role—in Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots* scheduled for La Scala.

"Learning new parts is not quite so tricky now that I know my way around in Italian. Quite frequently I would find that though I knew the sense of what I was singing I did not know where I was at any given note." Traveling, learning, rehearsing and constant practice leaves little time for domestic activity. "I have no time to lounge or entertain. I do no cooking, no shopping. I study scores in bed or at the hairdresser. One of the reasons I have always intended cutting down on work and insisting on a decent holiday is for the sake of my son.

I don't have *nearly* enough time with him." Adam, aged six, popped in to say a brief, "How are you?" *en route* from supper to television. "I feel sure he should be doing his prep. He does sing quite well, but as yet he doesn't seem to have an inclination for a musical career. He's probably seen too much of the tensions and haste of a musical life in his parents. We do have a tendency to spoil him, you know, which we must stop. If we called him in for a photograph he'd pose like mad. No, I don't care what he does for a career; he could be a bricklayer. The important thing is that he should be happy."

Miss Sutherland's own musical background was persuasive but unforced. "My mother sang, not professionally, but very well. In fact much that I know now I learned from her. She encouraged me and helped me always." The second personal musical influence comes from her husband, ex-pianist Richard Bonyngue,

who conducted her recording of *Alcina*. He helped to develop the upper reaches of her voice and his knowledge of *bel canto* and ornamentation have been a tremendous help in her *ottocento* roles.

Today Miss Sutherland's future—as far as the stage goes—remains uncertain. "I would like to do some Rossini, and *Norma* of course. I don't think the French repertory is well represented in London. I want to do *Manon*, and I'd love to sing *Lakme*." A flash of that down-to-earth humour. "Yes, I know I don't look like an Indian Temple dancer."

It will need considerable pressure to stem her great energy. I watched her rehearse *Alcina* at Covent Garden. Though she had appeared in the same production before, in Venice and Dallas; though her back was obviously troubling her, she rehearsed as carefully and considerably as though it were the first run through.





PARTNERS IN THE WALTZ

☆ Peter Sellers—the one-man ministry of all the talents—takes the salute
☆ as the ageing but amorous General Fitzjohn at a retirement parade in
☆ *The Waltz of the Toreadors*—the Julian Wintle-Leslie Parkyn film version
☆ of the Anouilh stage success. Below: The General's hypochondriac wife
☆ (Margaret Leighton) overhears his plans for divorce and arises precipi-
☆ tately from her bed to dash off cross-country on a cycle. Right: The
☆ General's mistress (Dany Robin) having threatened to drown herself is
☆ forced to attempt it, but becomes entangled with a fishing line and loses her
☆ dress while demonstrating her indifference to living. Pictures: George Ward





CAMARGUE CAVALRY

You'll find them in that region of Southern France where the Rhône estuary meets the Mediterranean—wild white horses, wilder black bulls. Travel there by plane to Marseilles, or by train to Arles—the destination is a wilderness of sand, sea, sullen reedbeds and blazing sun. The fascination lies in an outdoor life strangely removed from civilization. In May there's the gypsy festival at Les Saintes Maries de la Mer which draws Romanys from all over Europe. But don't leave it until August unless you like it hot—there's not a scrap of natural shade in all the Camargue. If it's action you want you'll find it in the saddle, trekking across sand, splashing through shallow water. For spectacle there's the bullfight, conducted from horseback in the Camargue fashion. But if you simply want to eat well, sleep in the sun, laze the good life, well, you're in Provence

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JANE BOWN



A young bull (left) is held down for branding. Above: a child rider and her horse



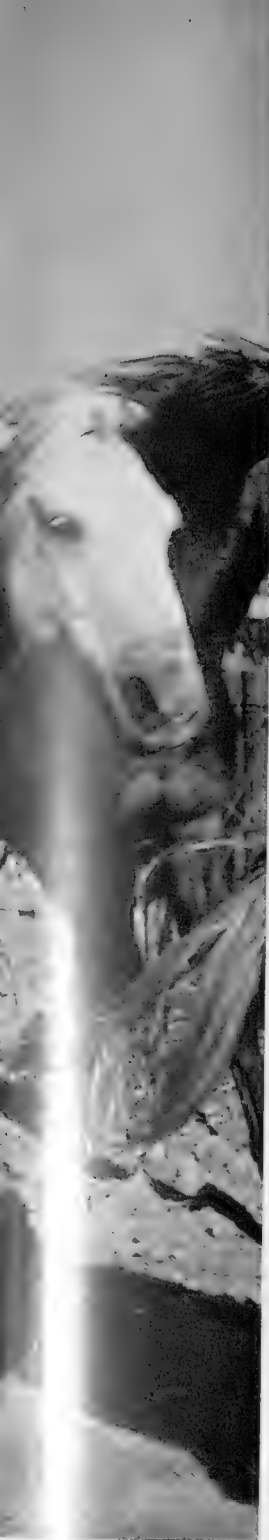
MADES A CHEVAL



A Camargue pony silhouetted against the marsh



A line of black bulls evoke one of the attractions of the Camargue, the drama of blood and sand. Top: The horses rushing for water



A cowboy of the Camargue rides herd



Riders to the sea: on the beach at Saintes Maries de la Mer

A bull is dragged to the branding. Visitors can join in



Summertime, but the living isn't easy: Camargue horses get a living from pasture that would starve most livestock

Conversation pieces

COUNTER SPIED BY
ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PRISCILLA CONRAN



When the conversation flags, someone's sure to revive it with a remark about whatever happens to be sitting in the middle of the table. The Conversation Pieces here are all compliment catchers and guaranteed to fill in that social gap. . . . Listening in from the left:

• *What a pretty idea!*
Silvery beaten metal tulips and lilies, 2 gns. each from Casa Pupo. Arrange them in a bank down the table.

• *Where did you get those candle-flower sticks?*
Gerard Austen at Carita sells them at his Boutique in Sloane Street. They are French and look devastating with candles to match flowers. Here pink hyacinths match candles with twining ivy. 2½ gns. each.

• *Mmm, pineapple laced with Kirsch. And a pineapple dish to match!*
White ceramic pineapple, £3 15s. from Casa Pupo.

• *It can't be real, it's too big for a rose but it looks real.*
Moyses Stevens make them for 25s. this time of year, around 12s. 6d. in the summer. The gold-fish bowl

it's afloat in comes from the Continental Glass Shop, Euston Road, 10s. 6d.

• *What's that scent? Freesias? They look twice as pretty under water.*
Thin stick vase by Orrefors, 2 gns. from the Continental Glass Shop.

• *What a lovely old lamp. Where did you find it?*

In Paris near the Pont Neuf. . . . 60's version of the Victorian candle lamp is buyable at a smart new super-market in Paris called Inno France. Costs 20 NF: around 30s. All Paris is pushing its way into this new bargain centre where the quality is outstanding, the prices undercut to a shopper's daydream. Another outright bargain here is the brass-bound, black-handled steak knife at 1.10 NF each.

• *Candlelight's the best light of all, and what's that between them?*
White ceramic candlesticks (22s. 6d. each) with Price's Palmitine candles (4s. for six). Lollipop-land almond tree dropping with sugar almonds to eat after dinner: 25s. from Prestat. The Victorian glass fruit scattered along the table is from the Antique department at Liberty.

Lord Kilbracken

Cvjetna Nedelja in Zagreb

IT IS IN GREECE THAT EASTER IS THE GREATEST festival of the year, as Christmas is in England, Hogmanay in Scotland, or the ending of Ramadan in Persia or Pakistan. I have celebrated all four occasions in the appropriate country. It was 12 years ago that I contrived (but only just) to spend Easter in Athens. With an American co-driver named Hank, who was a painter by trade but also a reasonably skilled mechanic, I was making my way overland from Calais to Calcutta. We got slightly held up in Paris because a highly dextrous *voleur* broke into our Morris Oxford while we were in a night club off the Champs Elysées, removed most of my belongings (but none of Hank's, a fact that rankled), and *then* relocked the door before making off. We also got held up, for completely different reasons, in Monte Carlo and Venice. So it was three weeks after leaving London, instead of five days as planned, that we crossed from Trieste into Yugoslavia; we found it appropriate that this introduction to Communism occurred on All Fools' Day.

Communism or no, it was in Yugoslavia next day that we saw our first indication that Easter was coming. We had slept in the car, which we had parked for the night, I remember, in a deserted stone-quarry between Sesana and Zagreb; the countryside next morning was more English than anything since Dover; like Berkshire or Sussex, with violets, primroses and chiffchaffs in the woods. And in almost every village through which we drove, we saw children in minor processions carrying evergreen bouquets garnished with coloured rosettes and flowers. Enquiry elicited that this was because it was *Cvjetna Nedelja*, which we managed to get translated as *the Sunday of Flowers*. In other words, it was Palm Sunday—a fact of which, I fear, we had not been aware. (Later we met whole villages on their way back from Mass; there were well-tended crucifixes by the roadside and every sign of flourishing Christianity.) We had a vague idea that Easter was rather special in Greece, and an equally vague idea that we might be there for it; we were driving to no fixed timetable.

We progressed as far as Skoplje in five days, by way of Belgrade, Nish and Prokuplje; the roads were mostly appalling but the people were mostly wonderful, and we lived by trading cigarettes and soap for food and the use of haystacks (for sleeping purposes).

We hardly spent a *dinar* in the whole length of the country. Arrived in Skoplje, which is all domes and minarets, we paid a courtesy call on the Consul—yes, there was a British Consul in Skoplje—and he thought it would be wise to take a formal look at our passports. Whereupon he had to inform us our transit visas had expired; they had been valid for only 48 hours from the moment of entry. No one had ever told us this, and we didn't even know the alphabet, let alone speak the language. It would have been just about impossible, anyway, to cover the distance—over 1,000 miles—in the time allotted on those terrible roads, unless at Grand Prix level. At first the local officials told us we would have to return to Belgrade to get our visas extended, a round trip of three days; but next morning, which was Good Friday, they relented after many phone calls, and did the job themselves. We crossed the border into Greece at Devdelija late that evening, and gratefully spent the night in the first village we reached.

Next morning we noticed another indication that Easter was upon us: an illuminated scroll on a fruiterer's barrow bore the legend ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ ΑΝΕΕΤΕ. Delving back into my classical education, I was able to construe this as CHRIST IS RISEN. It seemed strange to see this statement among the figs and oranges, but I suppose it was no stranger than many of the commercial uses to which Christmas is put in England. We hit the road early, and reached the main road from Salonika to Athens after an hour's driving. At this point, you turn left for Calcutta (though it isn't actually signposted); but we had decided to spend a few weeks exploring Greece, starting off with Athens, and therefore turned right instead.

Athens, on the map, looked a reasonably easy day's run—just over 300 miles—and we expected to make it by late afternoon, especially since the road was said to be excellent. So indeed it was, apart from one little drawback: almost all the bridges (and there were many) had been blown up in the civil war, which was not long over, and had not yet been rebuilt. When we came to a river, a temporary cow-track would show the way to the nearest fording point, perhaps a mile or two distant, and we would then have to take our chance through a foot or more of water.

Between rivers we progressed rapidly, past Mount Olympus (where we were to camp a month later on our way back) and through places like Thermopylae. Every few miles, gaily painted shrines and wayside crucifixes were decked out with spring flowers. At last in the gathering twilight we topped a final hill, and Athens, already twinkling, was spread out in the valley below us, crowned by the Acropolis. Four hours of Lent were left when we pulled up at our hotel (in the Street of Sophocles, which is not the best known in Athens) and the restraint and abstention of 40 long days were awaiting their reward. At midnight, we learned, just about every Athenian, from the king down, would forgather in the great square outside the Metropolitan Cathedral—or in the Cathedral itself for Mass if they had managed to get tickets. We were travel worn after a week of hard driving and we were also very dishevelled (I hadn't shaved since London and didn't till Istanbul), but of course we had to be there. Long before midnight, the whole great square was thronged; everyone lit a candle on the first stroke of midnight. The party went on for days. We had just arrived in time.

Young as the dawn, a fragile organza dance dress in delphinium blue. Appliquéd flowers are strewn across bodice and down the side of crinoline. At Harrods: 29 gns.

STAR QUALITY


THE GLAMOUR OF THE LONG EVENING DRESS RETURNS TO SHINE IN A SUMMERTIME NIGHT SKY

BY ELIZABETH DICKSON
PHOTOGRAPHS: DAVID OLINS
HAIRDOS: EVANSKY



As basic as pearls and cashmere for the deb of the year—white for Queen Charlotte's Ball. Moonlit satin cut with a regal grandeur. 42 gns. from Anna of Knightsbridge. Kid gloves, Miloré. Black silk rose, Dickins & Jones





Cream wool, edged in gingerbread chiffon for two-piece dress that wraps into a sarong skirt behind and fulfils the quota for a superb evening sophistication. Design to order by Maggi Shepherd at Woollands. Tasselled ear-rings from Harrods, 10 gns.

THE LANCET 24th Nov 1952 177


Dream-struck, intensely romantic dress in Nile blue silk with loose top mounted on fitted bodice and skirt that falls into wide panels. White kid gloves, Miloré. Christian Dior's pendant clip. Ballgown by Worth Wholesale at Liberty

ROBERTO CAVALLI
 for the "Ballet" - a dress
 with a heavy, wide
 collar and a full
 skirt. The dress is
 made of a heavy
 fabric and is
 decorated with
 a large, dark, floral
 brooch at the waist.
 The dress is made
 of a heavy fabric
 and is decorated
 with a large, dark,
 floral brooch at the
 waist.



Unforgettable drama in gold corded silk with thirteen rows of gold tasselled fringe. Voluminous, rustling skirt gently gathered at the waist. To order, by Maggi Shepherd at Woollands





Taffeta first-nighter designed to catch the limelight. Flamenco pink evening dress with white pleated top, waist cinched with cummerbund. Frilly theatre coat falls to floorlength. Dress, 14½ gns.; coat, 14 gns.; Harvey Nichols Little Shop



Froth of grey and white shadow striped organza bubbles over five layers of net petticoats. Pristine white organza cape etched with stripe kept trim by a wide black patent belt comes off to show a sleeveless, scoop bodice. Bellville et Cie.

Little girl shape, little girl hue of milky turquoise. Ballgown of organza mounted on the bodice and from hipline of the skirt with cotton lace and stitched teardrop sparklers. Demure neckline dips deep at the back and waist is sashed in satin ribbon. To order, Bellville et Cie



VERDICTS

PLAYS

Anthony Cookman

LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL. PHOENIX THEATRE (MARY ELLIS, ANDREW CRUICKSHANK, PETER MCENERY, RICHARD PASCO)

Trouble in the family

THE AMERICAN PLAY *Look Homeward, Angel* AT the Phoenix is certainly worth seeing, even though characters and incidents occasionally blur, as they are apt to do when they have been drawn, however skilfully, from a novel of dense family relationships. The novel, Thomas Wolfe's first, has become something of an American classic since the author's premature death at the age of 37. I have not read it, but it is plainly autobiographical, set in the small town in North Carolina where Wolfe was born, its most sympathetic character a troubled adolescent boy divided between natural affection for his mother and resentment of her domineering and possessive attitude to him and his brother.

It has been for years the desire of this family to break away from the woman who is determined to bind them fast to her apron strings. But no one is her match in willpower. Her husband takes a feeble pride in his craftsmanship as tombstone carver, but though he finds relief in occasional scandalous drinking bouts he is too easy-going and also too self-pitying to protect either himself or his sons and daughters from the formidable Eliza. She is a great worker and a great money-maker, but the money she makes is for her family's use in a dim and distant future. Meanwhile her sons and daughters are set to work teaching and carrying for the boarders in the

lodging house she runs and their education is entirely neglected. All except one—who has escaped into the Navy—have grown up as the mother's helpers and servers, and the youngest, who wants to go to college and be a writer, can see all too clearly the fate that is in store for him.

Ben, the brother nearest to him, would like to go to the war (the time is 1916), but he is consumptive and held to the family stake. He consoles himself with long, pleasant conversations with one of the boarders, a fat cheerful soul whose comfortable humour is blessedly complementary to his own nervy despair. He knows from the way the family doctor looks at him that his disease is probably incurable and already it is too late to do anything about making life worth while. Eugene's potential fineness of perception attracts the attention of the prettiest of the boarders, a woman only a few years older, and soon he is fathoms deep in early and happy love. Here a blurring of character somewhat irritating misleads us. The young lady is presented to us as an entirely uncomplicated character. We are slightly taken aback when, after seducing the boy, she takes her departure for a loveless marriage to the man to whom she is affianced. He is more of her age. He is in a position to give her the home and children she wants. But until this happens nothing has been done to prepare us for the clay-footed image of a girl we had taken for an artless heroine. So it is with the long death scene of the consumptive brother. The only excuse for its uninhibited emotionalism is that the mother claims her maternal right to hold the dying boy's hand when he has made it clear that he would be happier with the companionable fat woman. But this old-fashioned death scene and the surprising desertion of Eugene by the girl on whom he has pinned his dreams are necessary only because they bring about the battle royal between Eugene and his mother in which both get badly bruised but her hold on the family is broken, perhaps for good and all.

Miss Mary Ellis plays the fierce mother with a compelling fierceness, while at the same time making the author's point that the woman is pitiable alike in the futility of her money-making

ambition and in her own unlovableness. She is a woman who imperiously demands love of other people and is incapable of deserving it. Her husband is Mr. Andrew Cruickshank, who works hard at the character but with rather less than his usual success. Perhaps the character is a little too obviously absurd in its willingness to unload private pain on others, and there are not enough positive virtues to balance the absurdity. Mr. Peter McEnery, on the other hand, is entirely happy in his rendering of the torments of adolescence; and Mr. Richard Pasco is good as the older brother coping as best he can with the futilities of regret.



Peter Madden & Patience Collier as the Governor and his wife, parents of the child saved by the maidservant, in Brecht's *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* at the Aldwych Theatre. The play was reviewed here by Anthony Cookman last week

FILMS

Elsbeth Grant

VRIDIANA DIRECTOR LUIS BUNUEL (SILVIA PINAL, FRANCISCO RABAL, FERNANDO REY).
SERGEANTS 3 DIRECTOR JOHN STURGES (FRANK SINATRA, DEAN MARTIN, SAMMY DAVIS, JR., PETER LAWFORD)

Z certificate—for monsters only

SEÑOR LUIS BUNUEL'S EXTRAORDINARY FILM *Viridiana* was made in Spain and reflects such an advanced degree of moral turpitude among the

population that the Spanish authorities, livid with rage and disgust, did their best to have it universally banned. Despite their protests it was defiantly shown at the 1961 Cannes Film Festival and—what do you know?—swept off with the Golden Palm Award. For the first time in my life I find myself in sympathy with the Spanish authorities—at least I share their revulsion—and, for possibly the hundredth time, I wonder how on earth the Festival judges can persuade themselves that style (which Señor Bunuel's work indubitably has) makes the putrescent content of a film acceptable.

Señor Bunuel fairly wallows in fetishism and obscenity—compared with him Herr Ingmar Bergman at his most repellent is merely a dainty

dabbler—and his positive passion for cruelty, physical deformity and human depravity strikes me as wholly nauseating. "A film you cannot possibly forget, no matter how hard you try," is how the publicist describes Señor Bunuel's latest offering. In case he is right, you'd better think twice about seeing the film: there is no point in cluttering up *your* mind with a mess of ugliness.

Viridiana (Senorita Silvia Pinal) is a dedicated young novice whose Mother Superior misguidedly sends her out into the world to say goodbye to her only relative—an uncle by marriage—before taking her final vows. The uncle is a rum, rich old estate-owner, obviously somewhat confused sexually. He (or would it be

Senor Bunuel?) is mad about feet—the trudging feet of his housekeeper, the skipping feet of her sly little daughter—and he notices that Viridiana's feet closely resemble those of his late wife, who died of a sudden heart attack on their wedding night.

Having installed Viridiana in her room, uncle retires to his, and, tremulous with horrid excitement, tries to struggle into his dead wife's shoes and stays. ("It's all so queer," remarks some character—and a truer word was never spoken.) With a sigh he lays them aside—they are too small for him—but they appear to have given him an idea. While the chaste Viridiana is uneasily prowling about the estate (where phallic symbols flourish like weeds) her uncle cooks up a pretty little plot with the housekeeper for her undoing. To please the old boy, his niece reluctantly puts on his late wife's wedding finery: the housekeeper then drugs her—and uncle carries her to his room, caresses her feet, unbuttons her bodice and nuzzles her sickeningly as she lies corpse-like on the bed. To heighten the unsavouriness of the scene, his goings-on are watched with the greatest interest by the housekeeper's little girl who peers in at the window.

In the morning, uncle tells his bewildered niece that she had better let him make an honest woman of her as he has slept with her during the night. Horrified, Viridiana flees from the house. As soon as she's gone, uncle hangs himself. She is brought back to see his body swinging from the branch of a tree—and to learn that he has left his estate to his bastard son Jorge (Senor Francisco Rabal) and herself. Instead of returning to her convent, Viridiana,

though a trifle nervous of the bold-eyed Jorge, lingers on in the hope of doing humanity some service. While Jorge lords it in the great house (and takes the housekeeper as his mistress), she converts the outbuildings into a home for a score of beggars, male and female, from the nearby town.

This is where Senor Bunuel has himself a field day. The beggars are all hideous—filthy, crippled, dwarfed, blind or covered with syphilitic sores (lovingly dwelt on by the camera)—and as lascivious, vicious and violent a lot as you could ever hope not to meet. At the first opportunity they invade the great house, to eat and drink their fill and wreck the place. Their drunken orgy culminates in the rape of Viridiana by one of the beggars—whom another, impatient for his turn, batters to death as he sprawls over her. That is the end of her charitable works but not of her humiliation. Abandoning her faith, she indicates to Jorge (who has previously made a few abortive passes at her) that she is now willing to abandon herself to him. With a self-satisfied leer he invites her to play a game of cards with him and his mistress: Viridiana is clearly going to have to share his favours with the housekeeper. Evil has triumphed—Senor Bunuel couldn't be more pleased. And I couldn't be more shocked that this gratuitously salacious and altogether beastly film should have been considered worthy of any award.

Mr. Frank Sinatra and his buddies, Messrs. Dean Martin, Peter Lawford and Sammy Davis, Jr.—collectively known, we are told, as "The Clan" or "The Rat-pack" according to the degree of affection with which non-members

regard them—behave like overgrown boys and enjoy themselves hugely in *Sergeants 3*, a quite preposterous but not unamusing piece of nonsense in which the good old U.S. Cavalree once again tangles with them pesky and obstinately hostile Injuns. The three white members of "The Clan" (I rather like them in spite of themselves) are the redoubtable Sergeants—swaggering about in skin-tight pants and bashed-up hats, brawling in bar-rooms, breaking Injuns in two with their bare hands and generally raising hell. Mr. Davis, a hero-worshipping muleteer, tags along after them, beaming with admiration—and is just as intrepid and indestructible as they are when it comes to the final show-down with the Injuns in their mountain stronghold.

The whole thing is patently regarded as a great joke by Messrs. Sinatra, Dean and Lawford. Unfortunately their air of exchanging knowing winks and nudges when the director's back is turned makes it seem rather too much of a great private joke. All the same, it's just the job for the Easter hols.—12-year-olds will adore it.



Sammy Davis, Jr. awakens the desert with a bu call in *Sergeants 3*

BOOKS

Siriol Hugh-Jones

ISLAND BY ALDOUS HUXLEY (CHATTO & WINDUS, 18s.). **SUMMERHILL** BY A. S. NEILL (GOLLANCZ, 25s.). **THE TIDAL WATER** BY BARBARA WALKER (HOGARTH PRESS, 18s.). **DIAMOND** BY BRIAN GLANVILLE (SECKER & WARBURG, 25s.). **THERE IS A DRAGON IN MY BED** BY SESYLE JOSLIN & IRENE HAAS (COLLINS, 7s. 6d.). **LOOK OUT OF THE WINDOW** BY JOAN WALSH ANGLUND (COLLINS, 7s. 6d.). **THE BLUE OF CAPRICORN** BY EUGENE BURDICK (GOLLANCZ, 25s.). **NEW PENGUINS**

Mescaline & all that jazz

SOMEONE IS DYING IN *Island*, ALDOUS HUXLEY'S latest novel, and there's a beautiful speech about going "... lightly. Even when it comes to dying. Nothing ponderous, or portentous, or emphatic. No rhetoric, no tremolos, no self-conscious persona putting on its celebrated imitation of Christ or Goethe or Little Nell. And, of course, no theology, no metaphysics." This is so sympathetic to me that on its account I am more or less inclined to accept the whole book, though why Mr. Huxley, who writes essays like

an intelligent angel, should bother with fiction is something I cannot fathom. *Island* is about a Utopia, visited by one of those twisted and bitter journalists one has come to expect in one's resigned way, and the book contains all sorts of references to mystical revelation and the heightened perception given by mescaline-type drugs and other kinds of jazz for which I own no crib. Utopias and indeed all fantasies-of-the-future; whether optimistic or crammed with lip-licking doom, have an entirely depressing effect on me, in the same way that I find most prophets to be severe, oppressive, wild-eyed men, full of disgust and disapproval and blessed with little charm. In visions of the future there is rarely room for the smallest interest in character, and *Island* seems to me to be no exception. I cherish clever Mr. Huxley, and wish he would keep off this kind of caper.

Summerhill is the name of the school founded 40 years ago by A. S. Neill, the author of this book. Heaven knows how he manages to carry his ideas into practice, or maintain any kind of order, but this has nothing to do with the fact that this is surely one of the most moving books ever to have been written about the care and education of children, by a man who does not believe in punishment, can look for the godlike

element in every human creature, and is clear about someone whose every action is spurred by generosity, warmth, love and a passion for human independence, freedom and dignity. Some of the writing, because of its extremism, its intensity and its sort of demented sense, reminds me of T. H. White's *Merlin* in its moments of fury with the stupidity of humanity. I have never met Neill, but the book is enough to convince one that whether or not you agree with all his theories of education, there is little doubt that he is one of the truly great and good men alive today.

Briefly. . . . *The Tidal Water*, by Barbara Walker, is a nice soothing old-fashioned kind of novel, very prettily written, about children growing up, all very sensitive and a little remote from 1962. . . . Brian Glanville's new novel *Diamond* is a lush, vast, terrifically self-indulgent Jewish family-chronicle book like some enormous three-layer box of chocolates, hard and soft centres cunningly mixed and loads of lovely silver foil. I have a feeling Mr. Glanville finds this sort of thing all too easy, and might well one day set himself some difficult problem to work out in a short, spare, hard little novel. This is nevertheless not to deny his genuine gift—the charting of sour, desperate, claustro-

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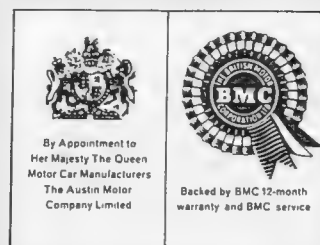
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phobic relationships between furious growing-up Jewish children and middle-aged parents who don't know where they went wrong.

"*Il y a un dragon dans mon lit*" is the sort of invaluable phrase that any decent phrase-book ought to provide, and a good deal more useful than that old quip about the postillion. It comes from **There Is A Dragon In My Bed**, by Sesyle Joslin & Irene Haas, in which French phrases are attached to the adventures of two small children visiting Paris, and any small children in this pleasant situation would no doubt find the book enormously handy. In my opinion the drawings would also prove splendid for colouring-in. The new Joan Walsh Anglund is

the way people who really care will think of **Look Out Of The Window**, which has all the charm of *A Friend Is Someone Who Likes You* and *Love Is A Special Way Of Feeling*—charm which enthralls some for life while me it simply turns up. These mouthless button-eyed dwarfs seem to me to bear no relation to real children, nor to aim at child-readers, but to appeal to some Tiny Tim dream of tots cherished by arrested adults. And English children do not jump rope, they skip. Let me hasten to add that everyone I know dotes on these books and I am nothing but a soured old meany.

The Blue Of Capricorn by Eugene Burdick is a book about the Pacific islands and seems to me

to be scented with that terrible bitter-sweet sopppiness that characterised *South Pacific*. . . . And her fans will be breathless to hear that you can now buy four Daphne du Mauriers—**My Cousin Rachel**, **Jamaica Inn**, **Frenchman's Creek** (3s. 6d. each) and **Rebecca** (4s.)—in Penguin. "Could one but rob him of his English tweeds, and put him in black, with lace at his throat and wrists, he would stare down at us in our new world from a long-distant past—a past where men walked cloaked at night . . . a past of whispers in the dark, of shimmering rapier blades, of silent, exquisite courtesy." Oh magical Mr. de Winter, we who fell hopelessly in love with you in our teens can *never* forget.

RECORDS

Gerald Lascelles

CHARLES MINGUS PRESENTS CHARLES MINGUS, PERCEPTIONS AND THE GREATEST OF DIZZY GILLESPIE BY DIZZY GILLESPIE GENIUS OF MODERN MUSIC BY THELONIOUS MONK THE BOOK COOKS BY BOOKER ERVIN SCREAMIN' THE BLUES BY OLIVER NELSON

A couple of Charlies

THERE MAY BE NO SIGNIFICANCE IN THE FACT that certain leaders in the modern school of jazz today sport beards, but it seems to be their one consistent common denominator. Take for a start that ferocious bass player Charlie Mingus, whose excursions into "free form" have occupied him and his constantly shifting workshop personnel for the past few years. Unabashed by what we mortals might call conceit, his new album for Candid is titled **Charles Mingus Presents Charles Mingus** (CJM8005). This quartet comprises Eric Dolphy's alto, Ted Curson's trumpet, and drummer Dannie Richmond, who is set the almost impossible task of varying the tempo in tune with the leader's whims. The music has its moments of excitement and occasional wild outbursts of swinging jazz, but to my ears it is mainly an unsatisfactory succession of probing experimental ensembles. Dolphy, who came here last autumn with John Coltrane, has the most to say, including a lengthy bass clarinet argument with Mingus on *What love*, but the whole session

leaves me with the feeling that jazz developed along these lines is futureless.

Dizzy Gillespie's well-trimmed goatee beard has lurked and bobbed behind his trumpet mouth-piece for so long that I have come to accept them both as a vital part of jazz in its broadest concept. Despite his wealth of experience, and the ability of conductor Gunther Schuller, they fail to achieve great things in their portrayal of J. J. Johnson's suite **Perceptions** (CSD1426). As an orchestral study for brass instruments and solo trumpet it lacks the rhythmic drive which is so essential in jazz, and even Dizzy is lost in a welter of soggy sound. Compare this with his 1946/47 music, when a fiery sound came from his horn, and an aggressive band was behind him. RCA revive **The Greatest of Dizzy Gillespie** (RD27242) in an album that belongs strictly to the bop era, when jazz was at the crossroads. The big band tracks are laced with Afro-Cuban trends; the small groups carry names from the old and new schools. The results, although considered *avant-garde* at the time, remain fresh and interesting today, and reassure me beyond doubt that Dizzy's contribution to post-Dixieland music is of lasting quality.

Blue Note have now issued the second volume of Thelonius Monk's **Genius of Modern Music** (BLP1511), wherein the bearded maestro creates some of the most spell-binding jazz of the early '50s. Few, if any, of these pieces were really accepted at the time, except in the eyes of some discerning fellow musicians. This album carries on a logical line of thought in composition and the use of soloists without the need to

resort to tricks in order to fix the attention.

In recommending newcomer Booker Ervin's **The Book Cooks** (PMC1170), I run the risk that a first hearing will discourage you from attempting to appreciate this music. This hard-blowing group is headed by the two tenors, Ervin and Sims, with Tommy Turrentine's trumpet ho on their heels. Every piece is an Ervin original and each conveys some special message; underlying it is a masterful feeling of spontaneous joy, which conveys all the things that Mingus failed to put across to me. A similar robust spirit of jazz in the modern idiom is conveyed by Oliver Nelson's sextet album **Screamin' The Blues**, in which Dolphy's alto is again featured in a dominating role.



Count Basie, who has been touring Britain with his band, ends his visit at the New Victoria on Good Friday. It is the fifth time his band has been here. Tonight he is due to play at Watford

GALLERIES

Robert Wraight

JOHN MOORES PRIZEWINNERS INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ARTS TODAY & YESTERDAY TOOTH'S GALLERY SANDRA BLOW GIMPEL FILS

Shock Treatment

BRINGING THE PRIZEWINNING PAINTINGS AND sculptures of the recent John Moores Liverpool Exhibition to London is the best idea the I.C.A.

has had for a long time. I only wish I could say something equally kind about the 13 paintings and sculptures themselves. But I took a poor view of most of them when they were in Liverpool and little has happened to me (and nothing has happened to them) to make me change my mind.

Henry Mundy's first-prizewinning painting "Cluster" still seems to me to be an outsize piece of fumbling pretentiousness. Leon Kossoff, in his "Building site near St. Paul's," which won the third prize in the painting section, still seems to me to have carried naturalism a

bit too far in using paint that not only looks like mud but *is* mud. Even the newly acquired knowledge that the figure with a handbag and high-heeled shoes, in David Hockney's "The cha-cha that was danced in the early hours of the twenty-fourth of March" (a £50 prizewinner in the Junior section), is a man, has not changed my opinion that the picture is already an outdated joke. And I still think that, even though F. E. McWilliam's bronze "Resistance II" is far from his best, it was an insult to put it second, in the sculpture section, to Evelyn

CONTINUED ON PAGE 189

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VERDICTS *continued from page 186*

Williams's pair of huge puppet heads made of newspaper.

But don't take my word for it. Go and have a look for yourself. If you are not used to this sort of thing it may well give you a bit of healthy shock treatment. And you will see several things that are not nearly so hard to take, among them Anne Bruce's "The Green Tree," Peter Blake's amusing "Self-portrait with badges" and Sandra Blow's "Sphere alabaster."

The latter makes an easily digestible *hors d'oeuvre* to the rather less easily assimilated meal of Blow's work now at Gimpel's. From sticking alabaster chips on to a pleasingly coloured canvas she has "progressed" to the austerity of the oil-ash-charcoal-sand of which 19 paintings in the show are composed (a 20th one is of coarse rope-net painted white and black!). In about six of these paintings the artist is revealed immediately as an instinctive colourist and, at first, it seems perverse of her to restrict herself to greys and browns in the remainder. But then the greys and browns are seen to be no less colourful, in their subtle way, than the reds and greens. Peter Blake and Peter

Phillips, both seen recently in a remarkable *Monitor* programme on "Pop" art, are among the artists of "today" in Tooth's exhibition "British Painting & Sculpture today and yesterday." With them are Howard Hodgkin and Allen Jones (about whom I said my piece recently when they were shown at the I.C.A.) and sculptor David Wynne, who is showing a maquette of his 16 ft. high, totem-like marble carving for the new British Oxygen Company building at Hammersmith.

Phillips, who failed to win a prize at Liverpool, takes the biscuit at Tooth's with a series of paintings inspired by "leather jackets," the young motorcycle maniacs who make life hell for those of us with sensitive ears. The paintings are titled "Motorpsycho/tiger," "Motorpsycho/Ace" etc. A whole world, not just a generation, separates these paintings from those of "yesterday"—by John, Sargent, Gertler, Paul Nash, Matthew Smith, Stanley Spencer and Edward Wadsworth. The Spencer, dating from 1922, is particularly interesting, not only for its style and subject but also for its title—"The paralytic being let into the top of his house in his bed"—which is only two words less than "The cha-cha" etc.!



Girl In A Turban, one of the portraits in the current exhibition of paintings by Anna Zinkeisen at the Federation of British Artists Galleries, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. It is from the De Chair Collection at St. Osyth Priory, Essex

DINING IN

Helen Burke

The holiday spread

THE BRITISH PRACTICE OF STOCKING UP AT THE weekend with a good-sized joint and a piece of bacon for boiling, or a really fine young largish boiled fowl, has much to commend it, because it does allow her (or him) who cooks to prepare well in advance and have some leisure. The Continental practice of the head of the house taking the family out for at least one main meal at the weekend has not yet caught on here. When a meal in this country is taken away from home it usually becomes a picnic, and this too must be prepared at home.

How much easier the French housewife manages her alfresco meals! She sets out with nothing but the necessary cutlery and china and picks up her supplies *en route*. At the *charcutier*, she buys various *pâtés*, sausages and other cooked meats. She buys a yard-long baton of crusty bread and beautiful unsalted butter to go with it, fresh fruit and a selection of cheeses. The head of the house may take his own wine, but is more likely to pick up a *vin ordinaire* on the way and collect on the empties on the return trip. But we are in Britain, where the delicatessen shop that keeps open on Sunday is a rare place and the buying of wine outside set times a major offence.

To return to the coming long weekend, I would vote for the sirloin of beef or leg of pork to be cooked on Saturday and not cut until it is cold next day. Cooking on Saturday means a little respite from the stove on Sunday, and also I think that sirloin tastes better cold than hot.

With efficient refrigeration, interesting dishes can be prepared and kept over the weekend.

One I like very much—especially if there is to be a buffet meal—is stuffed boned chicken, roasted very gently and, when cold, coated with aspic and garnished with diamonds of aspic. I wrote about this in October. Duck is equally delicious, and either bird treated this way goes much farther. Old English BRAUN may be a plebeian dish, but for those who like it a truly rewarding one to make. Very much less effort is required than for many other meat moulds. It was a speciality made on a farm when a pig had been killed. Half a large pig's head or a whole small one and 1 to 1½ lb. of leg beef will make quite a lot of braun. Ask the butcher to pickle the head for about three days.

Well wash the head. Place it in a large casserole with the beef, a sliced onion and, wrapped in greaseproof paper, a bay leaf, several crushed stalks of parsley and half a teaspoon of dried thyme. Fold and twist the ends of the paper. Add a little freshly milled pepper and cover well with cold water. Cover and place in the oven, heated to 350 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 4 for an hour, then reduce the heat to 325 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 3 for a further 3 hours. (4 hours in all). Remove the paper packet of herbs and squeeze the juice from it into the stock. Lift out the head and meat with a perforated skimmer and gently simmer the stock to reduce it. Test a little on a saucer in the refrigerator. When it jells it is ready.

Meanwhile cut the beef and tongue into fairly small squares and the remainder of the meat into strips. Strain the stock into them, first tasting it and adding a little salt, if necessary. Fill *soufflé* dishes or bowls or cake tins with the

mixture. Place a plate on top of each and leave for at least 24 hours.

To unmould, run the tip of a knife round the inside of the container, then lower it into fairly hot water for 3 to 4 seconds (tin) or a little longer (china and glass). Dry the dish or tin. Invert a serving dish over it, upturn the container and the braun will slip out.

CHEESE CAKES have become extremely popular. Here is a recipe for a very large one made in a loose-bottomed tin 9 inches in diameter and 3 inches deep. One can halve the ingredients and bake the cake in a shallow 8-inch sandwich tin.

Butter the sides of the tin then coat them with flour. Line the bottom of the tin with 4 oz. of short crust pastry and, on it, sprinkle 4 oz. of seeded raisins. Rub 2 lb. of cottage cheese through a sieve. Mix it with ½ pint of cultured cream (2 cartons), 3 oz. of cornflour, 4 oz. of caster sugar, 3 tablespoons of lemon juice and the grated rind of a lemon and 3 beaten eggs. Well blend all together. Turn the mixture into the prepared tin and bake for 1½ hours at 350 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 4. Top the cake with another carton of cultured cream and return it to the oven for 7 minutes. Turn off the heat and leave the cake in the oven until it is cold. (This long period in the oven prevents the centre of the cake sinking.) Take the cake from its tin. Make a border all round the top of the cake, about half an inch in from the rim, with 2 to 3 oz. of chopped walnuts.

For a smaller cake (for 5 to 6 servings), made in a shallow 8-inch sandwich tin, bake for 20 minutes as above then, after lowering the heat to the same degree, another 20 minutes.

GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

ON SPECS

Glasses are glamorous. The English, returning after sybaritic spells in St. Tropez come home wearing well-designed shapes that do great things for the face. Of course, part of the magic lies in the mystery of the sun spec but a taste has been formed for the dashing rather than the inconspicuous and we now ask for our normal glasses to be in these clean-cut shapes and in colours like tortoiseshell or executive black.

First, fit. Glasses should be made to measure facial structure exactly—but don't insist on round tortoiseshell if your face is round anyway. And though it's chic to wear those ultra-French frames you bought in the South of France, it's not good sense to wear them continuously in the diluted English sunlight, or to accept without question that the lens is optically ground. Test by moving them up and down in front of the face. If there is any distortion or the scene blurs and moves as you look through, don't touch them. This is a sign of reliability in ordinary glasses, but in sun glasses it's taboo—the view should stay perfectly still.

Second, good looks. Generally fade-out lower frames tend to age the face—bold, strong ones give dash and definition to even the mousiest. The shape for 1962 is the round-eyed frame—seen at its most extreme in the picture alongside—but gentler versions of this basic design are on view at any optician who follows current spectacle form. In Meyrowitz they have them in solid tortoiseshell and you can buy a new spray-on American cleaner called Lenscoat that has a metered whoosh and keeps lenses shiny. Newbolds, Hay Hill, can make up this basic design or adapt it. Mrs. Whitaker is there for feminine consultation—she understands that a woman wants to look prettier with her glasses on than off—any woman who has ever bumbled around, glasses off, at a party will understand this. Mrs. Whitaker feels that glasses can add a definite curve where the eyebrow is faded-fair, that eyes ought to be just that little bit more made-up, that rouge helps high on the cheekbones. Even the false eyelash wearer can be saved from Dutch doll lashes against the glass by building up the bridge to move the lenses farther from the eyes. Newbolds will also laminate fabric to match an often-worn dress for a specially dashing effect.



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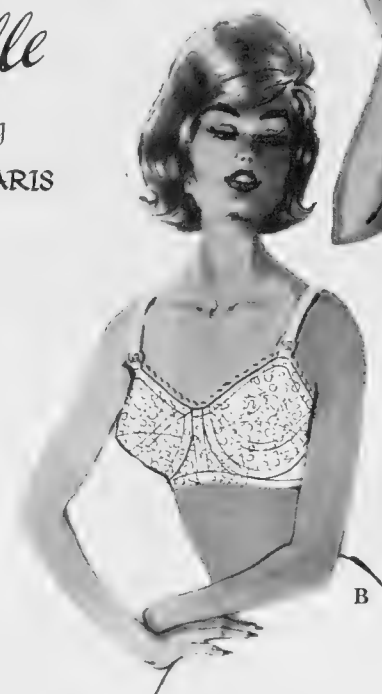


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Julian (2), the son of Mr. & Mrs. Paul Jones of Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7, with his mother



Lord Robert Manners (3), the son of the Duke & Duchess of Rutland, with his mother at their home, Belvoir Castle



Sebastian (2 months), the son of Mr. & Mrs. T. B. H. Brunner of Bedford Gardens, W.8, with his mother

ROSES & ROSE GROWING

G. S. Fletcher

The White Rose of York

SUB-EDITORS ARE NOT IN GENERAL VERY romantic. But on the occasion of the Duke of Kent's wedding at York Minster, one of the London evening papers ran a heading referring to the new Duchess as the *Rose of York*, which, if not highly original, was a pleasing compliment to a pretty girl. For the Rose of York, *R. Alba*, is one of the most attractive of all garden roses and is, incidentally, one of the oldest remaining in cultivation. So old, in fact, that Pliny, the Roman historian, describes the island of Albion as being named from its white cliffs or from the white roses abundantly growing here: *rosas albas quibus abundat*.

References to this rose occur constantly in botanical literature from the 16th century onwards. *R. Alba* is so ancient that its earlier history has gone unrecorded, but it may have been derived from a cross between *R. Canina*, the dog rose, and either *R. Damascena* or *R. Gallica*; at any rate, it was in later times the White Rose of the house of York. It has a simplicity and lack of sophistication not found in many other roses, and it will grow almost



R. Alba

anywhere, being commendably indifferent to position. Rose pests rarely make headway with it. The illustration indicates something of the appearance of the rose, though it is hard to convey the fine delicacy of its flowers and it is impossible to describe their fragrance. Moreover, the foliage of *R. Alba* is pretty and unusual, being of a silvery sage green, and free from black spot, rust or other disfiguring nuisances. The White Rose of York has only one season—mid-June-mid-July—but during this time the whole bush becomes covered with blooms, the side sprays arching down in a looser fashion in contrast to the more erect shape of the centre. The flowers are semi-double, inclining to cream in the centre, though several forms exist in which the roses are all but single. Other *Alba* varieties include *Maiden's Blush*, the old *Double White* and *R. Alba Céleste*. All these roses are easy to cultivate, even in poor soils, and not much is required in the way of pruning beyond cutting out certain smaller twiggy shoots and the old wood; but they will respond to a helping of bone meal or manure once in a while.



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PREPARATIONS AND TREATMENTS



Cope—Walker: Jennifer, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. B. H. Cope, of Halfacre, Compton, Wolverhampton, was married to Graham, son of Mr. & Mrs. P. V. Walker, of Bevercotes, Abinger Common, Surrey, at St. Michael's, Chester Square



Rodwell—Dunn: Victoria, daughter of Col. & Mrs. E. H. Rodwell, of Holbrook, Suffolk, was married to Christopher John, son of Mr. & Mrs. W. H. Dunn, of Witchampton, Dorset, at St. Pancras, Ipswich



Green—Marston: Rosemary Margaret, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Richard Green, of Tirril Lodge, Penrith, Cumberland, was married to Jeremy Roland Crispin, son of Mr. & Mrs. J. P. Marston, of Borva, Summerfields, Oxford, at St. Michael's Church, Barton



TOM BLAU



Coulter—Milne-Home: Penelope Annette, daughter of Surgeon-Capt. J. L. S. Coulter, D.S.C., R.N., & Mme. Dussumier de Fonbrune, was married to Lt. Michael Milne-Home, R.N., son of Commander & Mrs A. J. F. Milne-Home, of Elibank, Walkerburn, Scotland, at St. Mary's Church, Alverstoke

HARLIF



VEVONDE



Miss Carol Ann James to Mr. David Read: *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. John James, of Maresfield, Sussex. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. A. G. H. Read, of Drayton, Portsmouth



Miss Damaris Hoblyn to Mr. Michael Appleton: *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. D. A. Hoblyn, of Bidborough, Kent. *He* is the son of Lieutenant-Commander & Mrs. Maurice Appleton, of Biddenham, Bedford



Miss Patricia Mary Bowie to Mr. Hugh Fraser: *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. John Bowie, of Craigmillar Avenue, Milngavie, Dumbartonshire. *He* is the son of Sir Hugh Fraser, Bt., & Lady Fraser, of Dineiddwg, Mugdock, Stirlingshire

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MOTORING

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Three views of the Ford Zodiac Mark III. Note the all-round visibility and attention to detail

THE NEW FORD ZODIAC MARK III IS A CAR WITH pleasing road manners and a vivid performance; it is also a good looker, and extremely well finished inside. To produce it at the retail price of £1,135, inclusive of purchase tax, is something that the Dagenham team can be proud of—and they are. This Zodiac is an addition to the growing number of cars that will exceed 100 m.p.h., and its acceleration from standstill to 60 m.p.h. in just about 15 seconds makes it the equal of many sports models. But perhaps what impressed me most during my test run were its effortless ease and silence. Much of the Zodiac's engine is completely new and each part has been given close study from the point of view of reliability and wear. Compared with its predecessor the compression ratio has been stepped up, though not so much as to affect the engine's ability to run on normal premium grade petrol. This, allied with the special exhaust porting and twin exhaust pipes, has raised the power output of the 2½-litre 6-cylinder engine from its previous 85 b.h.p. to 109 b.h.p. The transmission has been improved by making the gearbox a 4-speed, and giving it synchromesh on all forward ratios, which relieves the modern driver who is not adept at double-declutching of the bugbear of getting down into bottom gear for a steep hill. Alternatively, automatic transmission is available as an optional extra; this is of the well-proved Borg-Warner design, now familiar to

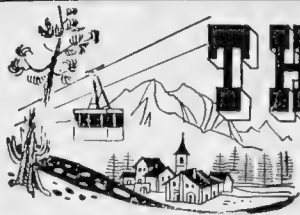
many thousands of British motorists. The brakes are disc on the front wheels (Girling make, 9½ in. diameter) with drum type to the back 9 in. diameter. These should be fully adequate to the car's performance under all conditions, and during my trial on the road and track I found them capable of bringing its speed down smoothly and most effectively, depending on the pressure exerted on the pedal, which actuates the brakes through power assistance.

Notable as a departure from ordinary practice is the curving of all the windows on the Zodiac, and there are three on each side of the body. By swelling out the body sides, extra width has been given to the interior, and this has only been possible by adopting the curved glass principle. Each of the four doors has a separate pull lock, and the concealment of the release catch in the tip of the armrests makes it difficult for children to open the doors accidentally. The screen wipers are electrically operated, with a variable speed control.

Extra special attention has been paid to the seating design to take the backache out of motoring. A bench type seat at the front (individual bucket seats with adjustable back squabs are offered as an extra) has a centre armrest, and the back seats are also fitted with one. Choice of materials for upholstery include a brand new one called Cirrus fabric, with a luxurious feel, Bedford cord and (as an extra) crushed hide. The boot is large, and even the

upright standing spare wheel does not impinge unduly on its considerable capacity for luggage. Four headlights are fitted, and a control for quick flashing—current practice on motorways at home and abroad. There is a parking light arrangement allowing side and tail lamps on either side of the car to be left on independently. A combined heater and demister with fresh air ventilation and twin outlets separately controlled is fitted, also an electric clock and automatic cigar lighter. The visors are of safety type, soft and padded. It would be difficult to think of any item of equipment which is not a feature of this new Ford Zodiac, even to a tailored spare wheel cover which incorporates a toolkit.

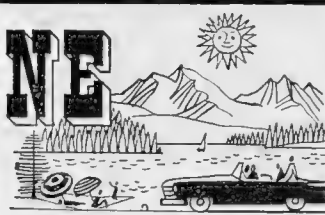
With so many models coming on to the market with speeds in the neighbourhood (and sometimes in excess) of 100 m.p.h., there should be a demand among motorists who have hitherto only handled slower types, for a special course of instruction. Last week I referred briefly to the High Performance Course which the British School of Motoring has recently introduced, and I have now had the opportunity of sampling it. To take it at all, a driver must be reasonably good in the first place, and pass a check test (unless he is a member of the Institute of Advanced Motorists). Thereafter he will be treated to a most comprehensive series of sessions in fast cars, including experience on a skid track, and no matter how good he was before, he will emerge an even better driver.



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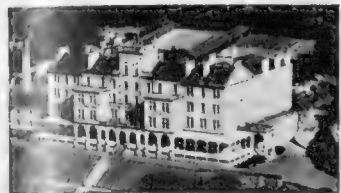
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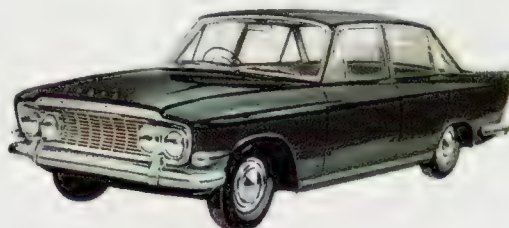
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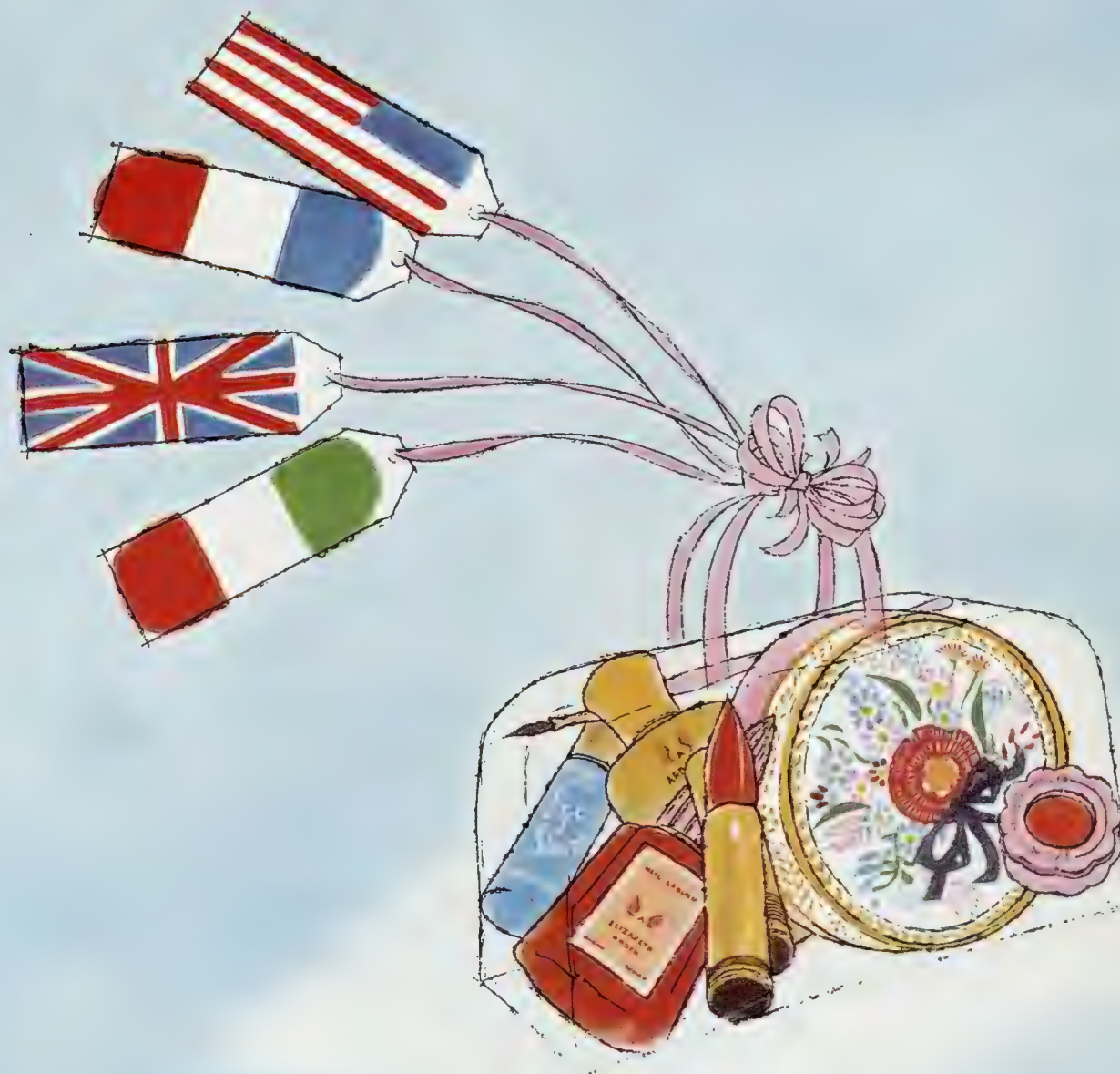
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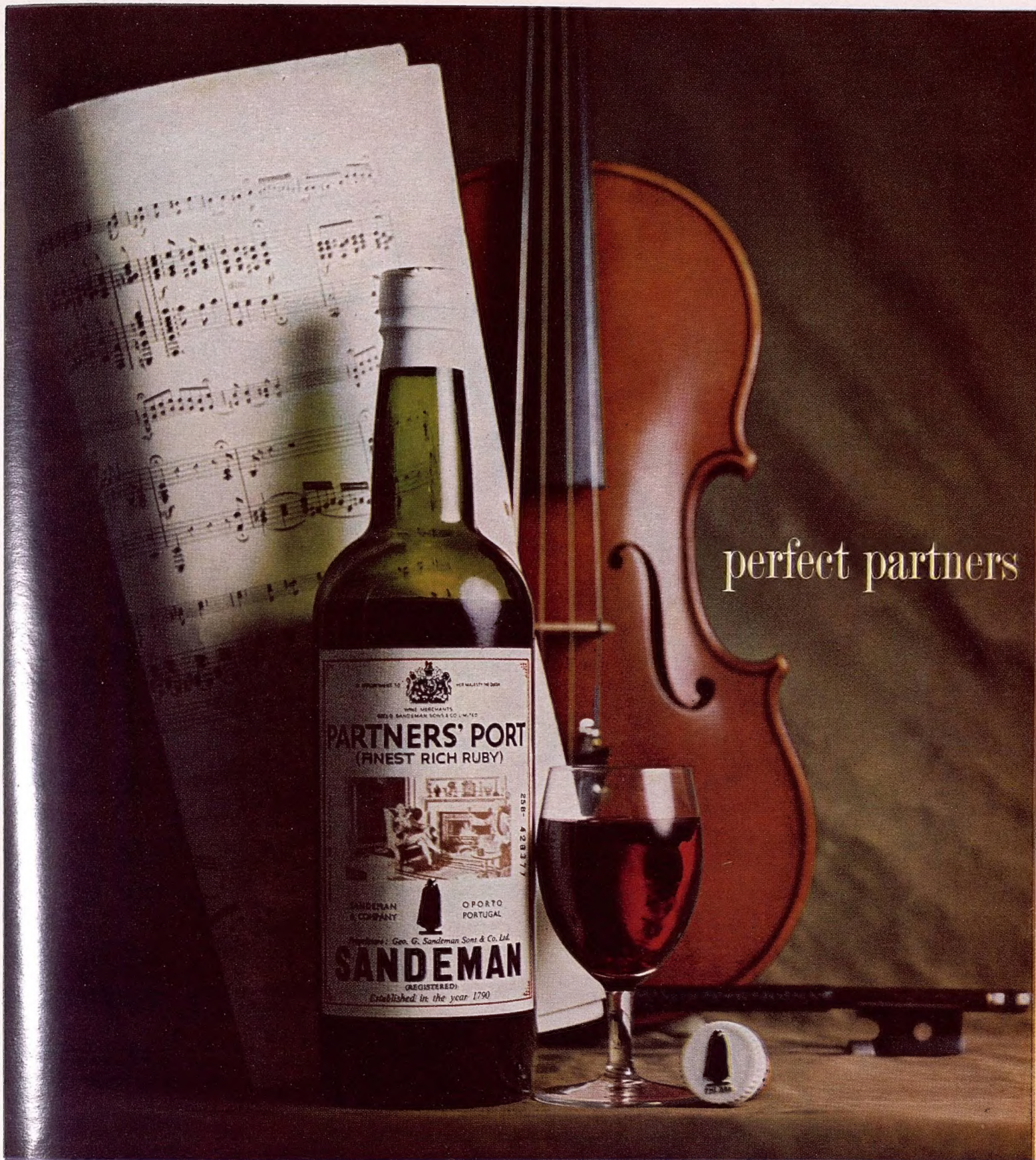
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